

DUCKTALES
"WOO-OO!"

ACT 1

EXT. DUCKBURG - MORNING

THE CAMERA SWOOPS over the bay towards DUCKBURG, a gleaming metropolis where intrigue waits at every turn!

WE HEAR swords CLANG! Bodies CRASH! Foes locked in COMBAT!

 LOUIE (O.S.)
Surrender!

 DONALD (O.S.)
NO!

 LOUIE
You will give in!

 DONALD
NEVER!

CAMERA ADJUSTS down to reveal the source of the action: a RAMSHACKLE HOUSEBOAT rocking back and forth in the marina.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DONALD DUCK crashes through the kitchen, phone to his ear.

He avoids DEWEY, who beelines beneath Donald's legs carrying a wrench. LOUIE who trails after Donald.

 LOUIE
C'mon Uncle Donald! Why fork over
cash to a hormonally unstable
teenager when you could fork it
over to your own blood?

They pass in front of Dewey, who tinkers with the OVEN as tools and knives CLANG around him.

 DONALD
(to Louie) You are NOT babysitting
your brothers. (to phone) Hi, Jane?
I've got a job interview today and
my usual sitter, um, let's say
"retired"? Could you could watch
the-- hello?

HUEY, carrying a suit on a hanger, climbs up Donald's back and tries to yank off his hat. Donald tries to shake him.

HUEY

(RE: SAILOR SUIT) You can't wear this old thing. Dress for the job you want, not the job you have.

DEWEY

(from oven) Which is no job.

DONALD

(to phone) Emmeline! What? No, I'm not calling you to babysit. You'd never consider it after last time... would you? Emmeline?

LOUIE

I'll charge half price for the third triplet.

DONALD

You are the third triplet.

LOUIE

And I am a *handful*, so you're getting a real bargain.

DONALD

(to phone) OliveCanYouWatchTheBoysDon'tHangUpDon'tHang--GRRR.

LOUIE

I can read stories, sing songs, make dreamcatchers out of popsicle sticks. DISCLAIMER: You must provide the popsicles.

Louie scours the freezer. Dewey crosses holding a PROPANE TANK. Huey pulls Donald's hat off.

DONALD

Hey!

HUEY

If you want this job, keep your temper in check. The Junior Woodchuck Guide has a technique for stress. Here.

Huey endlessly, annoyingly taps Donald's forehead.

HUEY (CONT'D)

The job. The job. The--

Donald starts to steam as the tapping continues. Dewey approaches holding the propane tank.

DONALD
<Hhhrrrrrrrrmmmm!>

DEWEY
Where do we keep the arc welder?
Also, what is an arc welder?

Dewey starts walking off.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
I feel like they're always talking
about them on home repair shows.

Donald grabs Dewey's head and spins him around.

DONALD
DEWEY, what are you doing?

DEWEY
Oh. I'm using the gas tanks from
the oven to super-charge the
houseboat engines.

DONALD
...WHAT?! That's insane!

Huey stops tapping Donalds forehead and hops down.

HUEY
Yeah, you'd have to convert the
outboard motor to a bi-fuel
injector which...

Huey picks up a couple of the tools which are strewn about.

HUEY (CONT'D)
...actually wouldn't be that hard.
Uncle Donald, where do we keep the
arc welder?

Louie pulls the POPSICLE out of his mouth and jumps into the conversation.

LOUIE
Forget babysitting. (he picks up
another propane tank) We could be
playing Blackjack in Montenegro by
sun-up! Super-boat! Super-boat!

The boys carry SPARE PARTS to the exit. Donald snatches the propane tank and cuts them off.

DONALD
We are NOT taking the houseboat to
Montenegro!

The kids drop their tools and slump to the ground.

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE
Man.../Killjoy./Super-boat...

Donald hates seeing the kids' upset. He gives a sly smile.

DONALD
We'll have to take a luxury yacht.

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE
REALLY?/ SERIOUSLY?!/ SUPER-BOAT?!

DONALD
Absolutely! After I get the job,
pay the back-rent on the marina,
save up for travel expenses, hotel,
incidentals, *emergency* incidentals-

As Donald lists all the steps in his plans, the boys melt
lower and lower to the ground. Uuuuggghh...

DONALD (CONT'D)
I know it's not exciting, but we
have to sacrifice to keep our
family afloat. Literally; we're
gonna lose the boat if I don't get
this job so we need to find a
sitter. Pronto!

Donald thumbs through his phone. The boys exchange a look.
This is their shot.

LOUIE
You know, we could stay with Uncle
Scrooge.

Donald drops the propane tank on his foot.

DONALD
OWW! Uh-uh. No way! Forget it.

Donald limps off to ice down his foot. The boys chase after.

HUEY
But there's no one else!

DEWEY
He's our only relative in town and
we've never even met him!

DONALD

There's a reason for that. Under NO circumstances am I gonna trust you with that-that- lunatic!

LOUIE

Guess you'll have to leave us by ourselves.

The boys smile mischievously. Dewey pops up behind Louie and sparks up an ARC WELDER.

DEWEY

Found it!

Donald SIGHS.

INT. DONALD'S STATION WAGON - DAY

Donald (in a suit) drives his STATION WAGON through Duckburg.

DONALD

(muttering) Doggone no-good...why do we even have an arc welder?

The kids excitedly bounce around in the back seat.

HUEY

I can't believe it! UNCLE SCROOGE!

As the kids tell their "Scrooge Tales," we see BARKS-STYLE painted montages of each adventure. Each shot is composed to hide Scrooge's face, *Indiana Jones* style.

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE - DAY

A INCAN TRIBE presents Scrooge with a GIANT SCROOGE STATUE.

DEWEY (V.O.)

I heard he's so epic an Incan tribe built a statue to him but a demon possessed the statue and he had to kill it so they built him a smaller, more manageable one!

Scrooge defeats a RED-EYED POSSESSED STATUE, then easily holds back a two-foot tall POSSESSED STATUE with his cane.

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - DAY

Scrooge pulls back a branch to find a SHADOWY MONSTER.

HUEY (V.O.)
 I heard he's so smart he solved the
 mystery of the Chupacabra! Turns
 out it was just a shaved bear and
 now the bear is his best friend!

The shadow fades, revealing a SHAVED BEAR holding shaving cream and a razor. The bear gives a "Welp, ya caught me" shrug, and the two laugh and shake hands.

EXT. TIBETEN TEMPLE - DAY

Scrooge stands atop a TEMPLE OF GOLD.

LOUIE (V.O.)
 I heard he's so rich he turned the
 Lost Temple of Gold into a Water
 Park but the water is made of gold
 and also his bathing suit is gold!

Scrooge slides down the side of a temple on a wave of gold!

INT. DONALD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Donald is visibly irritated by their hero worship.

DONALD
 Take it down a notch. It's just
 gonna be two hours.

As the car drives off, we see SCROOGE'S GLEAMING MONEY BIN on a hill high above the town.

DEWEY (O.S.)
 Two hours with the most exciting
 man the world!

INT. SCROOGE'S OFFICE - DAY

SCROOGE MCDUCK absentmindedly doodles in the NEWSPAPER while THE BOARD, a trio of stuffy old buzzards, sits opposite, conducting a mind-numbingly dry meeting.

BENTLEY BUZZARD
 --with revenues increasing in the
 Spoonerville and Cape Suzette
 markets, noted in Appendix C.

SCROOGE
 (bored) Go on.

As Bentley drones, REVEAL SCROOGE'S SKETCH: he's turned a Sudoku puzzle into a treasure map. On top, a drawing of Scrooge with a jetpack and a chest of jewels flying over a volcano as the board falls right in.

Suddenly, SOMETHING in the corner of the newspaper catches Scrooge's eye. He feverishly scribbles some notes.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

Holdings in St. Canard have been less than favorable, but we expect that to change with the rollout of Project Blatherskite next quarter.

BRENDA BUZZARD

Thank you, Bentley. That concludes old business. Any new business?

Awkward beat as Scrooge scribbles. He slams the pencil down.

SCROOGE

It's drizzling off the Drake Barrier Reef!

They stare blankly at him.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Which hasn't seen rain in fifty years? This weather report aligns perfectly with the Prophecy of PAPIA!

Scrooge slams a GIANT STONE TABLET onto the desk.

BRENDA BUZZARD

We've gotta start checking his desk for prophecies.

SCROOGE

(ignores her) By my calculations, this shift in the currents presents a pathway to the greatest unsolved mystery of our time!

He leaps onto the table! A MUG spills on Bentley. He gets in each of their confused faces, excitedly, one at a time.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

ATLANTIS! Lost city under the sea!

The Board is unimpressed. Bentley cleans himself off.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

Sir, we've been over this. The company is done-- wait, what are the odds you'll be killed on this expedition?

SCROOGE

None. With the right team, it'll be perfectly safe.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

<AHM> The company is done paying for your little adventuring habit.

Scrooge grabs Bentley by the lapel.

SCROOGE

I'll have you know this company was built on my "little adventuring habit," and I've got a bin full of profit to prove it!

Scrooge throws open the GIANT VAULT DOOR on the wall, revealing a BIN FULL of treasures, jewels, and riches from a lifetime of adventuring.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

The Treasure of Collie Baba alone-

BRADFORD BUZZARD

-was decades ago. You haven't gone on an adventure in years, yet we're still paying for it. For instance, why does five percent of our annual budget go to "Magical Defense"?

SCROOGE

Asks the guy who's never been sucked into a demon dimension.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

And why are we leaving all these hard assets in a bin instead of investing them? I mean, what do you plan to do, swim in it?

Scrooge eyes him, annoyed. Brenda throws the vault CLOSED.

BRENDA BUZZARD

The past is passed. McDuck Enterprises is your future.

BRADFORD BUZZARD

You're getting up there in years.
We expect you to step back, stay
out of trouble, and STOP TAKING
RISKS. You have no heirs or
successors. When you're gone, this
company will be all that's left of
the name McDuck. Don't you want to
protect your legacy?

Scrooge slumps down in his chair. He knows they're right.

BRENDA BUZZARD

Now. All in favor of finding the
Lost City of Atlantis?

BRENDA/BRADFORD/BENTLEY

Nay.

SCROOGE

(defeated) Nay...

EXT. DUCKBURG STREETS - DAY

SCROOGE'S LIMO screeches through the streets, cutting every
corner, narrowly missing... well, pretty much everything.

INT. SCROOGE'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Intrepid chauffeur LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK, calmly drives like a
maniac. Scrooge grouches in the back seat, ignoring him.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

Rough day at the office, Mr. McDee?
Been there. I mean, obviously I've
been there because it's where I
pick ya up every day. But I know
what it's like to have a rough day
at the office. I mean, obviously I
don't have an office, but in a lot
of ways, the road is my office.
Hey, that's pretty deep. I gotta
write that down.

Launchpad reaches for a pen in the glovebox, causing the
whole car to swerve onto the sidewalk.

SCROOGE

Eyes on the road, McQuack!

EXT. DUCKBURG STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The limo tears around a corner. Suddenly, a HEAVILY ARMORED VAN pulls out of an alley and drives alongside it!

INT. SCROOGE'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls up next to Launchpad. The side door slides open: IT'S THE BEAGLE BOYS, aiming a bazooka at the limo!

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

Uh-oh. We got Beagle Boys! Anything I can do to make this high-speed chase more...

SQUEEEEEK. Scrooge rolls up the DRIVER DIVIDER WINDOW.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK (CONT'D)

...comfortable? (to Beagles) Sorry, boys. He's, uh, not in the mood.

The limo speeds away. The Beagles are bummed.

BEAGLE BOYS

Awwww... (then) AAAAAHHHHH!

CRASH! The van slams into a lamppost!

EXT. MCDUCK MANOR - GATE - DAY

The limo screeches up to the FRONT GATE of Scrooge's palatial mansion and STOPS. The divider rolls down.

SCROOGE

Why aren't we moving?

Launchpad points to a CAR BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE. Scrooge sticks his head into the front seat.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Nonsense. This is my home. (to car) Jettison that jalopy from my driveway this instant, deadbeat!

He pushes Launchpad aside and LEANS ON THE HORN. Of course the front car is DONALD'S STATION WAGON. Donald awkwardly stretches out the car window to argue with the INTERCOM. Scrooge's eyes go wide with recognition.

DONALD

Hold on! (to intercom) Just open the gate already, you no-good high-falutin' (UNINTELLIGIBLE SQUAWKING)

MRS. BEAKLEY (O.S., ON INTERCOM)

I'm sorry. There must be a problem with the intercom, I can't understand a word you're saying.

Huey leans over to Donald and taps him on the forehead.

HUEY

The job. The job. The job.

DONALD

(calming) I'm Scrooge's nephew, Donald.

SCROOGE (O.S.)

Donald Duck.

The intercom squawks off. The boys pop their heads up, eyes wide. IT'S HIM! Donald turns to face Scrooge in the driveway.

DONALD

Scrooge.

Both take in the awkwardly tense moment.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You're... looking well.

SCROOGE

Still living on that boat?

DONALD

Yup. Still a trillionaire?

Scrooge points his cane up at his MANSION.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Good. So...

SCROOGE

So... JETTISON THAT JALOPY FROM MY DRIVEWAY THIS INSTANT, DEADBEAT!

DONALD

Here we go! Handing out orders like he's the RICHEST DUCK IN THE WORLD!

The boys' heads bob back and forth between the two. Dewey turns to Louie, who shrugs. What is *this* all about?

SCROOGE

I AM the richest duck in the world
and that clunker's an eyesore in
any tax bracket! Now move it!

DONALD

I will, if you watch the boys so I
can go to this job interview!!

SCROOGE

A job! Glad to see you're finally
making something of yourself!

DONALD

Oh, thank you! It's a great
opportunity! You can watch the boys
for two hours without losing them?!

SCROOGE

Why is everyone questioning my
competence today?! Of course I can!

DONALD

GREAT! THANKS!

Donald swings the back seat door open with emphasis to let
the boys out of the car.

SCROOGE

YOU'RE WELCOME! (beat) Wait. What
just happened?

He turns to come face to face with Huey, Dewey, and Louie.

DONALD

Huey, Dewey, Louie, meet Scrooge
McDuck. Remember: no tricks, no
lies, no trouble.

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE

Yes, Uncle Donald.

DONALD

I wasn't talking to you.

Donald eyes Scrooge, hops in his car, and drives off. Scrooge
stands in front of the trio, who BEAM WITH ADMIRATION.

SCROOGE

So... Do children still like
marbles, or...?

THE BOYS EXPLODE WITH ENERGY, MOBBING SCROOGE!

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE

How old are you?/Did you really
basejump INTO a volcano?/What's
your net worth?/What's the deal
with you and Uncle Donald?/Can we
go on an adventure or are you too
old?/How come you never visit?/Cuz
you're old and moving is hard?

LOUIE

What ever happened to you? You used
to be a big deal!

That last one pushes Scrooge over the edge.

INT. NON-DESCRIPT MANSION ROOM - DAY

Scrooge shoves the boys into a mostly EMPTY ROOM.

SCROOGE

I leave you in the capable hands of
my housekeeper, Mrs. Beakley. Huey.
Louie. (beat) The third one.

Scrooge stomps off down the hall.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Hmmph. "Used to be a big deal."

DEWEY

Hey, wait a second!

Dewey goes after him but slams into the rock-solid torso of
MRS. BEAKLEY, who blocks the exit. Her shadow looms
menacingly over the boys with positively British severity.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Welcome to McDuck Manor. Do not
leave the designated "play area".
Do not touch anything. Try not to
look at anything. McDuck
Enterprises is not responsible for
injuries accidental, supernatural,
or metaphysical.

She tosses them a BAG. Dewey opens it: MARBLES.

MRS. BEAKLEY (CONT'D)

A gift from your Great Uncle. You
will return them upon departure.
I've counted them. Any questions?

HUEY
Are we technically prisoners?

Mrs. Beakley eyes a SET OF SHACKLES IN THE CORNER.

MRS. BEAKLEY
We'll see how the morning goes.

She leaves. CLICK! And locks the door. Beat.

LOUIE
Well, this has been a crushing
disappointment. We're breaking out
of here, right?

DEWEY
Yup. And I know exactly how to do
it...

Crafty Dewey holds up a marble.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. NON-DESCRIPT MANSION ROOM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Dewey continuously SLAMS ON THE DOORKNOB with the bag of
marbles! Huey and Louie lay sprawled out on the floor.

DEWEY
Stupid!...Doorknob!...Come!...Off!

The doorknob finally breaks off!

DEWEY (CONT'D)
That's what I call using your mar-

A marble hits him in the head.

HUEY
(interrupting) Don't.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys peek out the door into a musty old hallway.

LOUIE
Time to make our own adventure.

WHAM! The boys out cold! Marbles spill out across the floor.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2**INT. DARKENED INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

A spotlight shines on the boys, WHO HANG UPSIDE DOWN.

LOUIE
(crying) I'll put all the marbles
back! I swear!

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE darts between the shadows, circling them.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
(growling) Why are you here? Who
sent you? Ma Beagle? Glomgold?
ANSWER ME!!!!

DEWEY
Why is this happening?!

HUEY
Man, we never should have asked to
meet Uncle Scrooge.

The figure stops short.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
Uncle Scrooge? OHMYGOSH, IT'S YOU!

The lights come up. Their attacker is in fact excitable young WEBBY VANDERQUACK. And the interrogation room is actually a typical 12 YEAR-OLD GIRL'S ROOM, but covered in maps, globes, and leather-bound prophecies.

With a flick of her wrist, she whips the "rope" (actually a hair ribbon) loose, sending the boys crashing to the ground, and pulls her hair back. She pulls out a PAD and takes notes.

WEBBY
The nephews! What are your blood
types? What's Donald like? Which
one of you's the evil triplet?!

HUEY/DEWEY
Louie.

LOUIE
Wait, how do you know who we are?

WEBBY
I know all about Mr. McDuck and his
family! It's kinda my hobby.

Webby pulls down on a map on the far wall. It retracts, sending her up into the air; she lands in a perfect backflip. Behind the map is a giant HANDWRITTEN BULLETIN BOARD covered in pictures of Scrooge and his family, various adventures, theories, questions, etc. It's like something out of *Seven*.

Webby bounces around as she traces their genealogy.

WEBBY (CONT'D)

Huey, Dewey, and Louie Duck.
Scrooge's great nephews on his
sister Hortense's side with
Quackmore Duck, twice removed.

DEWEY

O...k. And you are?

WEBBY

Oh! Right! Webby! Webby
Vanderquack! My granny's the maid.
Hey, I don't suppose you wanna be
best friends?

HUEY

If we say yes, will you let us
live?

WEBBY

(laughing) Pfft! Good one, new best
friend.

Louie perks up.

LOUIE

Alright! A friend on the inside.
What do you do for fun around here?

WEBBY

Didn't you see the wall?

LOUIE

I mean action! Adventure!

DEWEY

Yeah we thought hanging out with
Scrooge was gonna be all "kung fu
fights" and mine cart chases.

WEBBY

Oh! Duh. Obviously I'm the best at
adventure. Ummmm...

She roundhouse kicks open a VENT on the wall and climbs in.

WEBBY (CONT'D)

Follow me!

HUEY

I was less scared of her when she
was gonna kill us.

The boys exchange nervous looks, then crawl in after her.

INT. SCROOGE'S STUDY - DAY

Scrooge paces through his immaculate study, tearing cards out of a ROLODEX. Mrs. Beakley stands by, motionless.

SCROOGE

Shanghai Rodriguez?

MRS. BEAKLEY

Deceased.

SCROOGE

Stabby McStabberson?

MRS. BEAKLEY

You mean "Gabby McStabberson"?
Retired.

SCROOGE

Immortal Ron Shortsweather?

MRS. BEAKLEY

Turns out, not immortal.

SCROOGE

Shame. He was a great pilot.

Launchpad pops his head in the open door.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

I'm a pilot.

Scrooge ignores him.

SCROOGE

What about Morocco Pete?!

MRS. BEAKLEY

That's just a name you made up.

SCROOGE

BAH! Everyone I know is either old,
dead, or fictional!

Scrooge throws the rolodex in the air, sending cards flying.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Sir, if I didn't know any better,
I'd say you were putting together
an expedition team.

SCROOGE

Beakley, please. I have
responsibilities. I'm not gonna
risk my legacy to go traipsing off
on some fool quest. I'm simply
putting together a guest list for
an informal afternoon tea.

He shoves a PEN AND PAD in Beakley's hand.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Take a memo. Wanted: Intrepid team
of adventurers and risk-takers...
for tea. Must be tougher than the
toughies, smarter than the
smarties, and looking to make their
money square. I need excavators,
innovators, roughnecks, and pilots--

Launchpad leans into the study.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

I'm a pilot.

SCROOGE

--looking to solve a mystery and
rewrite history... at the tea
party. Now read that back.

MRS. BEAKLEY

("reading") Wanted: One secretary
for an old man who seems to have
forgotten that I. AM NOT. HIS
SECRETARY.

She throws the pen like a dagger, narrowly missing Scrooge's
head and lodging itself perfectly in a tabletop pen holder!

SCROOGE

You wouldn't want to come out of
retirement, would you, Beakley?

She raises an eyebrow at him.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Webby needs me. There's more than
one way to build a legacy.

SCROOGE
<Harrumph!>

Scrooge approaches a mantle covered in PAINTINGS OF HIS ANCESTORS all looking down at him.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
I suppose you think I should hang
up my spats too, eh? Become the
dottering old quack everyone thinks
I am, spinnin' yarns about the man
I "used to be"?

He points to a SHINY DIME UNDER GLASS on the mantle.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Do you know what that is?

MRS. BEAKLEY
You're Number One Dime, the first
dime you ever made.

SCROOGE
Exactly, and--

MRS. BEAKLEY
-you earned it through your own
hard work. No one helped you then
and you don't need help now.

SCROOGE
Right, so--

MRS. BEAKLEY
-so who cares what the Board says.
You're Scrooge McDuck, and bless
your bagpipes, you'll find Atlantis
on your own. I'll go press your wet
suit.

Beakley exits, leaving a stunned Scrooge standing in a pile
of torn rolodex cards.

SCROOGE
(calling) You sure know how to take
the fun out of a dramatic moment!

MRS. BEAKLEY (O.S.)
I'm not cleaning those cards up!

INT. MCDUCK MANOR - HALLWAY - DAY

A LOOSE VENT COVER crashes to the floor. Webby lands with grace. The boys collapse behind her in a heap.

LOUIE
(wheezing) Air ducts in the movies
are usually so clean!

Huey looks back and sees a room at the end of the hall, the decor and signage clearly label it as "Webby's Room".

HUEY
(coughing) Is that your room?? Why
didn't we use the door?

WEBBY
You said you wanted adventure.
What's more adventure than a vent
full of spiders?

LOUIE
<AAAH!!>

Louie FREAKS at a spider on his shoulder. Webby picks it up and tosses it back into vent.

WEBBY
(to spider) Later, Morocco Pete!
Send George and Helen my best!

DEWEY
You don't get out much, do you?

She leads them down the hall.

WEBBY
Granny's a bit overprotective. She
says I've got everything I need in
here and she trained me to deal
with whatever's waiting out there.

Webby leaps up and swings from a chandelier.

WEBBY (CONT'D)
But one day I'm gonna see the
world! I'm gonna be an explorer!
I'm gonna eat a hamburger!

DEWEY
We could bring you a hamburger.

Webby suddenly drops down. She tears up as she hugs the boys.

WEBBY

You truly are the best friends
ever. (then) Ooo! We're here! THE
SECRET WING.

Webby opens the door to a dark room. Just inside is small
area encircled by a VELVET ROPE. Beyond that it's a MUSEUM
TO ADVENTURE! Massive gold idols! Mystic artifacts! A
triceratops and caveduck skeleton!

DEWEY

Let's go!

The boys rush for the room. Webby immediately blocks them.

WEBBY

Woah! Grandma said I can't go past
the velvet rope!

LOUIE

You always listen to your grandma?

WEBBY

Have you met my grandma?

Webby sits on the floor.

WEBBY (CONT'D)

Besides you can see tons of awesome
stuff from here you really crane
your neck...

LOUIE

Webby, live a little!

She looks at him blankly.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

If you wanna eat the ice cream,
you've gotta risk the headache.

WEBBY

I'm not allowed to eat ice cream.

HUEY

Nono, it's a metaphor. Like "If you
want the rose, you have to deal
with the thorns."

WEBBY

The thorns are the best part! Did
you know ancient Sumerians used
thorns for rudimentary tools?

Huey's visibly frustrated. Dewey steps in.

DEWEY

If you want to see the cool stuff,
you've gotta cross the rope.

WEBBY

Hey! I get that because it's
happening right now! Let's go!

She jumps to her feet and hops over the rope.

INT. SCROOGE'S SECRET WING - CONTINUOUS

The kids hop the rope and run in. Immediately a huge ROBOTIC SENTRY whirs to life and points it's guns at them. They all skid to a stop.

DT-87

INTRUDER DETECTED. VOICE PRINT ID
REQUIRED.

WEBBY

Maybe it's not loaded?

<KER-CHUNCK>!!! It sure sounds like it reloaded.

DT-87

5-4-3-2-

DEWEY

Uh, (as Scrooge) "I'm an old creeky
has-been with a dumb stupid face."

The kids cower. DT-87 deactivates.

DT-87

VOICE PRINT RECOGNIZED. HELLO,
SCROOGE MCDUCK.

KIDS

<phew>

DEWEY

Hey, what's that?!

Dewey spots the PINT-SIZED SCROOGE STATUE from his story!

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Woah...

Louie sees an old-timey GOLDEN SWIMSUIT!

LOUIE

Cool!

Huey spies a FRAMED PHOTO of Scrooge and a SHAVED BEAR toasting at a fancy restaurant.

HUEY

I knew it!

Louie goes to pick up a GOLDEN GAUNTLET. Webby grabs him.

WEBBY

Careful! Midas Glove. It can turn organic matter to solid gold!

Huey marvels at a GONG hanging from a DRAGON-SHAPED STAND.

WEBBY (CONT'D)

The Gong of Pixiu. Hit it three times to unleash *unspeakable evil*.

As Huey, Louie, and Webby run through the wing, Dewey's drawn to a TORN PAINTING in the corner: a SWASH-BUCKLING SCROOGE on a ship's deck, fighting off pirates. Swinging from the crow's nest is a YOUNG, ADVENTUROUS DONALD DUCK.

DEWEY

Uncle *Donald*? What happened to you?

EXT. DOCK - FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Donald sits, tugging at his tie, surrounded by GIANT BRAWNY TOUGH GUYS. He awkwardly tries to start up conversation.

DONALD

So where'd you get your accounting degree? I got mine online.

A TOUGH GUY next to him growls back. WHAM! A drill sergeant of an INTERVIEWER throws the door open.

INTERVIEWER

Lissenup, maggots! Look to your left, now to your right. You may have to kill one of these men to win this position.

DONALD

(GULP)

BEGIN "INTERVIEW" MONTAGE.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
We're looking for the best. These
trials will test your strength...

- On a dock, Donald struggles desperately to lug a GIANT METAL CHAIN. It doesn't budge.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
...wits...

- Tough guys tie elaborate knots. Reveal Donald completely wrapped in a tangled mess of rope.

DONALD
If I just...pull...here...

The whole mess instantly CONSTRICTS AROUND HIM.

INTERVIEWER
And endurance.

- PAN OVER tough guys sweating to hold up HEAVY RUBBER RAFTS. LAND ON Donald trying to do the same, but the raft completely envelopes him. Donald tears through the raft.

DONALD
What kinda cockamamie accounting
job is this?!

INTERVIEWER
Accounting? Filled that this
morning!

The interviewer points to a BURLY ACCOUNTANT.

BURLY ACCOUNTANT
I know counting. One, two. Et
Cetera.

INTERVIEWER
We're looking for a sailor!

He holds up a SAILOR SUIT identical to Donald's old one. Donald shakes with anger, then taps his own forehead.

DONALD
(to self) The job. The job. The--

INT. SCROOGE'S SECRET WING - DAY

Louie casually places GREEN POST-ITS on various treasures.

HUEY
What are you doing?

LOUIE
Calling dibs on Scrooge's stuff for
when he, y'know, (croaking noise).

HUEY
Louie!

LOUIE
He's super-old! OOO! Treasure
chest!

Louie runs up to an OLD TREASURE CHEST and throws it open.
Just a bunch of OLD LINENS.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Aw, just a bunch of dirty laundry.

SUDDENLY THE SHEETS BEGIN TO GLOW The kids back away in
horror as the sheets rise above them, forming...

...a pathetic-looking BED-SHEET GHOST. The kids deflate.

WEBBY
Hey, he's kinda cute.

Huey marches up to the ghost.

HUEY
Seriously? This cheap hoax is what
Scrooge thinks is "adventure"?

Huey rips off the sheet, REVEALING A DECOMPOSED PIRATE GHOST!

PEGHOOK'S GHOST
YAAAAAAAAAAARRRR!!!!

KIDS
AHHHHHH!!!!!!

WEBBY
OH! The ghost of Captain Peghook,
come for revenge on Scrooge!

PEGHOOK'S GHOST
Curse ye, ya scurvy lifelubbers!

Peghook lunges for the kids, who dive out of the way. Dewey
grabs a BROADSWORD mounted on the wall.

DEWEY
Have at ye, barnacle-br--AAAH!!

The sword breaks free from Dewey's grasp and flies towards (and through) Peghook, careening around the room!

WEBBY

The Deus Excalibur! It won't rest until it's slain its target!

HUEY

But he's already dead!

Huey and Webby duck as the sword flies by, ricocheting off of PIXIU'S GONG! BOOONNNNNNG!

Amidst the chaos, Louie puts his hands in the air and slowly sits on a SADDLE on the floor.

LOUIE

I'm just gonna sit this one out.

A muscular, bipedal HORSE MONSTER WITHOUT A HEAD grows out from under the saddle and THROWS LOUIE!

WEBBY

It's the Headless Horse-man! That one feels self-explanatory.

The kids hide behind the DT-87. The ghost lunges overhead! The sword bounces madly around the room! The Headless Horse-Man flails blindly, hitting PIXIU'S GONG AGAIN! BOOONNNNNNG!

DEWEY

That's twice!

WEBBY

One more and something terrible could happen.

LOUIE

What could be worse than this?

SCROOGE (O.S.)

WHAT IN DISMAL DOWNS IS GOING ON IN HERE?!?!

The kids turn to face a FURIOUS SCROOGE in the doorway. They look at him sheepishly as CHAOS rages behind them.

HUEY/DEWEY/WEBBY

Louie did it.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3**INT. SCROOGE'S SECRET WING - DAY**

Scrooge and the kids dive behind a GIANT COIN to avoid the piratey, swordy, horsey mayhem. Huey peeks around the edge.

HUEY

OK. There are five of us and three of them. I like our chances-- wait, never mind. They teamed up.

REVEAL Peghook wielding Deus Excalibur, riding the Horse-Man.

SCROOGE

Good. That means there's only one target.

Scrooge stomps out into the open to face them.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Oi! Beastie! State your unfinished business.

Peghook swings the sword at Scrooge, who expertly deflects and dodges with his cane.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

What's it gonna take to shuffle ya off to the afterlife?

PEGHOOK'S GHOST

The head of SCROOGE MCDUCK!

The ghost BURSTS INTO SPECTRAL FLAMES. Scrooge gulps.

SCROOGE

Would you settle for Scrooge's hat?

PEGHOOK'S GHOST

RRRAAAHHH!

Peghook charges Scrooge! Scrooge throws his hat in Peghook's face, temporarily blinding him, slides between the Horse-man's legs, and pops up in front of the SMALL STONE SCROOGE!

Peghook HURLS THE SWORD at Scrooge! In one swift motion, Scrooge dodges the blade, grabs the handle, and shoves it into the stone Scrooge statue, cutting its head off!

Scrooge holds the statue's head up to Peghook.

SCROOGE
There's your head.

PEGHOOK'S GHOST
I should have been more specifiiiiic!!!

Peghook's ghost dissipates.

As the sword struggles to get free of the statue, Scrooge shoves the STONE onto the Headless Horse-man, who stops bucking. It CLOPS out an answer with its hoof.

HEADLESS HORSE-MAN
(subtitled) "A head. I'm no longer
a freak! Thank you! THANK YOU!"

The Horse-man gallops off. Behind Scrooge, the DT-87 awakens!

DT-87
INTRUDER DETECTED. VOICE PRINT ID-

SCROOGE
I'm an old creeky has-been with a
dumb stupid face.

DT-87
VOICE PRINT RECOGNIZED. HELLO,
SCROOGE MCDUCK.

Scrooge dusts off his hat and puts it back on like a BIG DAMN HERO. The kids stare wide eyed. Then...

THE KIDS
AAAAAHHHHHHH!/ That was
unbelievable!/You were all like
"There's your head! Boom!"/etc.

Scrooge slams his cane hard against the floor. The kids hush.

LOUIE
We can explain. We came down to
your Secret Museum Wing to look for
you because...we...love you?

Louie gives Scrooge an unconvincing hug.

SCROOGE
Secret Museum? This is the garage!

He hits a switch and the garage lights up, revealing it's far less mysterious than it was in the dark. Lawnmowers and tools fill in the spaces between ancient artifacts.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
I came looking for my SCUBA gear!

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE
(to Webby) The garage?!

WEBBY
No, that's ridiculous. If this is a garage then how do you explain all this amazing stuff-

Webby holds up a GARDEN HOSE and a SOME MAGAZINES.

WEBBY (CONT'D)
-like the GARDEN HOSE OF DESTINY or MONTEZUMA'S STACK OF OLD MAGAZINES or- Ooohh. Yeah. It's a garage.

DEWEY
Hey, you ditched us!

LOUIE
Yeah, we didn't talk our way out of Uncle Donald's boring old houseboat just so you could lock us in some even more boring, non-boat room.

HUEY
We thought you were like "Mr. Adventure"!

SCROOGE
Adventure? HA! You can't even handle my old junk! And I'm particularly disappointed in you, Webbigail. These boys are just incompetent. What's your excuse?

The kids all look down, ashamed. Ouch.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
I'm calling Donald. I've got enough to worry about without being stuck with you three.

HUEY
But we can help you--

SCROOGE
NO YOU CAN'T!

BOOONNNNNNG! Scrooge hits Pixiu's Gong for emphasis. The kids stare at the gong, terrified.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 Oh, what are you gaping at? The
 curse is only activated if you ring
 the gong three times and-- you
 already hit it twice, didn't you?

The STONE CHINESE DRAGON on the gong stand begins to crack,
 REVEALING AN ACTUAL CHINESE DRAGON: PIXIU!

PIXIU
 ROOOOOOOOAAAAR!

Cat-like Pixiu slinks through the room, sniffing everything,
 including the kids. Then it zeroes in on the GIANT COIN.

WEBBY
 Pixiu, the Treasure-Hunting Dragon.

DEWEY
 Treasure hunting? Sounds great!

SCROOGE
 Not when you're Duckburg's single
 largest OWNER OF TREASURE!

Pixiu bares its fangs, and DEVOURS THE COIN WHOLE!

LOUIE
 AAAHH! SAVE THE MONEY!

Pixiu turns. It smells something. Pixiu TEARS A HOLE through
 the roof of the garage and looks out over Duckburg at...

...SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN! Pixiu licks its lips.

SCROOGE
 AWK! Me Bin!!!

Scrooge grabs onto the end of Pixiu's tail.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 (to kids) STAY PUT. And stay out of
 trou-bl111111111leeee!!!

PIXIU TAKES TO THE SKIES, DRAGGING SCROOGE WITH IT! The boys
 look up after them.

Louie puts a Post-It on a nearby vase.

HUEY
 LOUIE!

LOUIE
 What? He's fighting a DRAGON!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEE. Light pours into the garage. The boys turn to see Webby heading out an OPEN GARAGE DOOR.

HUEY
Where are you going?

WEBBY
To help.

LOUIE
But Scrooge told us to stay put.

WEBBY
If you want to see the cool stuff,
you've gotta cross the rope.

The boys smile.

DEWEY
Ok! But how're we gonna get up
there?

CRASH! LAUNCHPAD drives the limo through the garage wall!

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK
I'm a pilot.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE DUCKBURG - DAY

Pixiu weaves in between the skyscrapers of Duckburg. Scrooge slowly pulls himself up Pixiu's torso towards the head. Pixiu does a loop-the-loop. As he reaches the top of the loop, Scrooge jumps straight down and lands on Pixiu's neck!

SCROOGE
HaHA! It'll take more than some
fancy flyin' to shake ol' Scrooge,
ya cash cannibal!

Pixiu whips Scrooge back-and-forth between two SKYSCRAPERS.
WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
(dazed) It'll take more than a
bruised spine to shake ol' Scrooge,
ya bad...dragon-dog-...

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

As Pixiu soars through downtown in the background, Donald and his fellow interviewees climb to the top of a ROPE WALL. The interviewer calls up from the ship's deck below.

INTERVIEWER

Final challenge! First one to ring
the bell at the top gets the job!

DONALD

The job. The job. The job.

Donald slips. HE'S NOT GONNA MAKE IT. Then...

DONALD (CONT'D)

(to self) Huey. Dewey. Louie. HUEY.
DEWEY. LOUIE. HUEY. DEWEY. LOUIE.

As he repeats the mantra, Donald pulls ahead of the others
and reaches the top first!

DONALD (CONT'D)

HAHAHAAA!

Donald goes to ring the GOLDEN BELL. FWOOSH! GULP! Pixiu
flies by and devours the bell in one fell swoop. Donald
shakes uncontrollably and LAUNCHES INTO A CLASSIC DONALD DUCK
RAGE, bringing the whole wall down on the interviewer.

Donald stands amidst the rubble, panting.

INTERVIEWER

You know you didn't get the job-

DONALD

YEAH, I KNOW.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE DUCKBURG - CONTINUOUS

Pixiu's making a beeline for the Money Bin! Scrooge makes it
to Pixiu's head and shoves his cane in Pixiu's mouth as a
bit. He pulls back, but Pixiu does a barrel roll. It finally
shakes him loose, sending Scrooge falling...

INT. LAUNCHPAD'S CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

...into the open door of Launchpad's Cargo Plane flying
directly below the dragon! Scrooge crashes to the floor at
Huey, Dewey, Louie, and Webby's feet.

SCROOGE

You! I thought I told you to stay--

DEWEY

No time! We've gotta work fast!

Huey points out the window, where PIXIU IS TEARING THE ROOF OFF OF THE MONEY BIN! Scrooge watches in amazement as the kids take charge.

HUEY

Webby! How do we stop it?

WEBBY

It's mystical, so we need a mystical device, like an Oblivion Mirror or a Midas Glove or--

LOUIE

You mean like this Midas Glove?

Louie pulls out the MIDAS GLOVE from the garage. Huey, Dewey, and Webby glare at him.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

I was gonna give it back!

He shoves the glove on Scrooge's hand.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Now how do we get him down there?

DEWEY

GARDENHOSE OF DESTINY!

Dewey ties the GARDENHOSE around Scrooge's waste. Huey opens the side-hatch and does some quick calculations.

HUEY

Launchpad! We need to swing him out. Nosedive towards the bin and then get ready to pull up!

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

Yessir, random kid I just met!

Huey, Louie, and Webby grab on to the other end of the hose as Dewey and Scrooge stand at the open side-hatch.

DEWEY

Any questions?

SCROOGE

Since when is Launchpad a pilot?

EXT. ABOVE THE MONEY BIN - CONTINUOUS

Pixiu looks down at the money in Scrooge's Bin. He bares his fangs and lunges!

SCROOGE
WOOOOO-OOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Launchpad's Plane dive bombs towards the dragon then pulls up over the Bin, WHIPPING SCROOGE AND THE HOSE right at the dragon! Scrooge reaches out with the Midas Glove and grabs a hold of Pixiu's tail! The gold drains from the glove and spreads over Pixiu, TURNING IT TO GOLD!

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
I've got it!

As Pixiu's tail transforms, it WHIPS SCROOGE UPWARD! The kids lose their grip on the hose. Scrooge goes flying!

THE KIDS
SCROOGE!

Scrooge goes hurtling towards the ground... right towards the COLD HARD CASH IN THE MONEY BIN! He smirks confidently, tucks, flips, and lands a PERFECT SWAN DIVE into his fortune. He disappears under the surface.

On the plane, the kids search the surface nervously.

Then SCROOGE BREAKS THROUGH, spits out coins, and swims through his money like a porpoise!

THE KIDS (CONT'D)
YEEEEEAHHH!!!!

From the cockpit, Launchpad smiles back at the kids.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK
Heh. Family truly is the greatest adventure of all. Hey that's pretty deep. I gotta write that down.

Launchpad reaches for the glovebox. THE WHOLE PLANE VEERS.

THE KIDS
LAUNCHPAD! NO!

SLAM CUT TO
BLACK.

EXT. SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN - MINUTES LATER

WHOOSH! Launchpad sprays a fire extinguisher at the PLANE WRECK just outside the bin. The kids swarm around Scrooge.

THE KIDS

That was amazing!/Let's do it again!/Next time, I'm jumping/etc.

SCROOGE

Let me get this straight.

Scrooge pushes the kids off him. Uh-oh. Here it comes.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I agree to watch you for two hours, and in that time you wreck my home, destroy my bin, unleash several ancient evils, and almost get me killed. Twice.

LOUIE

That's only once per hour.

SCROOGE

You risked everything and now, because you refused to stand idly by and do what others expected of you... I have a giant golden dragon.

Scrooge points to the GOLD PIXIU. The kids exchange confused looks. Scrooge sizes up Webby, Huey, Dewey, and Louie.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I HAVE been looking for a team. One that's Tougher than the toughies. Smarter than the smarties. Willing to make it's money square--

Scrooge catches Louie trying to pocket a loose DIAMOND.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

We can work on that. Maybe there is more than one way to build a legacy. All in favor of finding the Lost City of Atlantis?

EVERYONE

AYE!

SCROOGE

And no one tell your Uncle Donald!

EVERYONE

YAY!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Donald grumbles as he packs up his things.

DONALD

No good stinkin' job. Whole thing's
rigged...PHOOEY! Can't believe I
have to go back and face Uncle
Scrooge.

OLD DUCK (O.S.)

Uncle Scrooge? McDuck?

Donald turns towards the stranger: FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD, the
second richest duck in the world.

DONALD

Yeah. What's it to ya?

GLOMGOLD

You're hired! Welcome to Glomgold
Industries! Now, what do you know
about Atlantis?

END OF PILOT